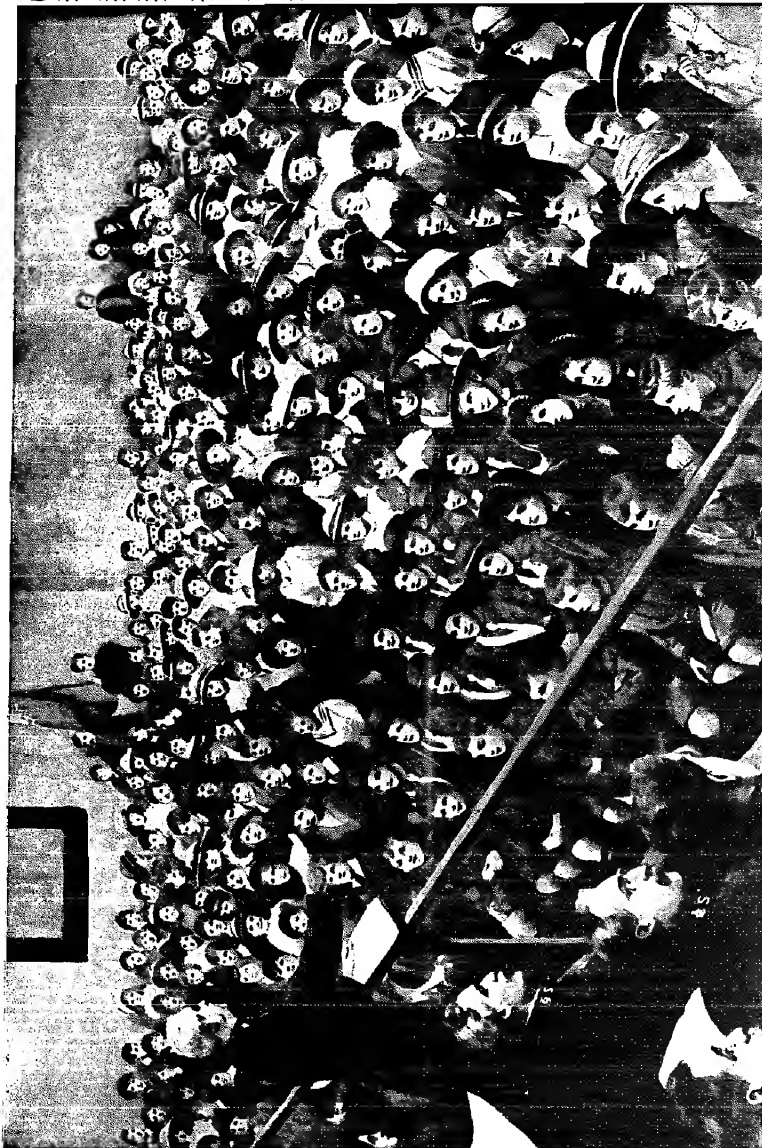


Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Blessed Jesus, lead our children
into paths of service sweet.
More than conquerors, let us come
bring their souls to Thy feet!



of the first army past, and when looking out into the successful
in regard to the numbers who attend are the first to be
and in their influence upon the progress of the Salvation Army.
As these the Salvation Army which made them there such a cause
to be and conquered them for it. Look down and see the
the children, as they are the army of the future.

This is the story of the army of the future
in action made for the Canadian "War Cry" by the British
Salvation Army. The army of the future is the army of the
advertising a grander theatre meeting, and, again, in contrast
with the army of the future, here we see the young people and the
the army of the future, it is the army of the future, the army of the
the army of the future, it is the army of the future, the army of the future.

The General with
the Young People

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

God loved the world of sinners best
And sent for the (all) lost
Sinners to the (all) lost
Heaven's fire to us.

A CHRISTMAS QUERY

By the General

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem."—Matthew ii, 1. " . . . that Christ may dwell in
your hearts by faith."—Ephesians iii, 17.

HERE is the soul, the very substance of our
holy faith—of that wondrous revelation and
experience which we call Christianity. **Jesus
in Bethlehem—and Jesus in our hearts.** Hallelujah!

We cannot too often remind ourselves, and one
another, that Christ's religion is not a system of
rules and laws, but something in us—a **state of the
heart**. It is not a theory of things, but that theory
never so wise or true—but a **soul—a life**. It is nothing
more nor less than this—**Jesus Christ in us**—in
our hearts by love and faith—to will and to do of
His good pleasure. That, and that alone, makes a
man a Christian.

Let there be no mistake about this. The man
who does not know Christ by experience—who is
not possessed by the same purpose as Christ
—is out of it altogether! He may have no
end of good qualities. He may observe any
number of religious ceremonials. He may
be ever so much believed in by those who
know him. He may be able to enrich his
life with all sorts of good deeds and high
thoughts. But if he has not Jesus Christ
dwelling in him—if he does not know in his
own daily experience what it is to love and
trust and obey Christ with the heart—well,
he is none of His!

Well now, if He is to dwell in us, He
must be **born** in us. And if He is born in
us, the striking qualities of His Nature will
appear in **ours**. That is another secret of
Christianity. It is a union of life and spirit—our
life and spirit united—mingled—mixed—with the
Life and Spirit of Jesus, and His Life and Spirit
united with ours.

Other systems of religion have asked for men's
faith—but ours is more than believing. Other reli-
gions have demanded obedience—but ours is more
than obeying God. Other religions have required
worship and adoration—but ours is even more than
worship. **Ours is union with God. Being made of
one mind with Christ—of one spirit and will with
Him—of one heart with His.**

But, I was saying, if He is to dwell in our hearts,
He must be born into them and take possession of
them with His own Nature. That will mean—

I.

We shall be sharers of the Divine Nature. The
Divine life and strength will come to us. **He is the
Son of Man with power.** That is the secret of bad
people becoming good people. It is not by
their striving and struggling to be good, but
by God Himself, in Jesus Christ, coming in
to them and making it just the thing to be
good, instead of just the thing to be and
feel and think and act bad—and more bad.

Oh, has Jesus been born in you after this
fashion? **Has He?** Bethlehem was grand

—but there is nothing in Bethlehem for you—
nothing—unless He is born in you also.

II.

Jesus was born to save. He came not only to lift
us up but to be near us and with us, in our misery
and guilt, and to show us how to deal with them.
And so He wants to be born in us to the same end
for others—to make us saviours like Himself. That
is what we Salvationists mean by our beautiful
motto "**SAVED TO SAVE!**" Have you received
Him like that?

Jesus came to Bethlehem Himself. He wanted
to be near us. And now, born in you, He will shed
abroad His love in your heart, kindling yours, and
sending you out to the lost, to the broken and the
sinning—to be near them in their condemnation
and suffering—and to take them one
by one and bring them to Him.

III.

Jesus was born in Bethlehem for **Sacri-
fice**. The shadow of the Cross lay right over
the Manger. He was born to trouble. He
was born to be the tremendous price—paid
in blood and tears—of our freedom. He was
born to die that we might live. Mary knew
it—the Wise Men knew it—Herod knew it.
He knew it Himself. Yes! He dwelt all
along in the consciousness of it. He said
". . . for this cause came I to this hour." Has
He been born in us, and does He dwell in us
like this? **That is the real Jesus, the Man
of Sorrows and acquainted with grief—sorrows
and grief not for His own sin, but for our sin, for
the sins of the whole world.**

Can we say we know Him like this? Does He
dwell with us? Does that love burn with our love
—that love for the unwashed, the unworthy, the
ungrateful? That is the love greater than the
greatest love of man, which lays down its life
for its friend—that is the love which lays down its life
for its foe. **Have you received it?** Is He not only
in Himself, compassion and sympathy and a spirit
of sacrifice, but is He compassion and sympathy
with the sinful and the spirit of sacrifice in your
Comrade! reader of "The War Cry"! that is my
brief and simple question this Christmas-time.

One more word. This revelation of Jesus—the
same Jesus—ought to be yours. We know it ought.
You know it ought. **And it can be yours.** There is
never an **ought** where there is not also a **can!** "I
can do all things through Christ," so Paul
said and believed and lived. So also can you
say and believe and live.

Oh, my dear Salvationist! this is the
great Gift—the great Necessity for you.
Nothing less than this, to be Christ's—His
very own—and to be Christ's by His con-
quering Spirit before the world.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Saviour and my Friend
In Him I found a resting place
And He made me a new man.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Bob, McCarty, the son of a couple who settled on Vancouver Island many years ago, was converted when the Army quoted the words of Jesus which told him that "the Kingdom of God is within you." After a series of attacks upon his faith, made by the devil at a time when Bob was in poor health, discouraged him, and instead of coming forward, he gave up and started for home. On the railway journey he lost his ticket and all his money, and was put off the train at the first station, where he found a Salvation Army drum and the strains of "The Army Song" and the words of the hymn "The Army of the Lord" were among the first sounds he heard. When a Salvation Army man, who was an Army man in the past one lunch-time, told him that he was a Salvation Army man, while he hesitated another man said, "I thought it was time to have a word."

CHAPTER XVII

THE ARMY'S CHAMPION

"DON'T know much about them," went on the speaker who had so strikingly introduced himself, "but what I do know is all good, and that, to my mind, is something in their favour. Mind you, I don't have to give you this page out of my book, but I feel I should in justice to the concern that stood by me in my trouble."

The men, excepting something of more than ordinary interest, gathered closer to the speaker, and waited expectantly for him to proceed.

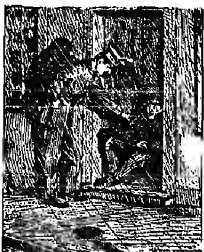
The man's address betrayed breeding, and although he occasionally used slang in the recital of his story, it was very apparent from his general language that he was of an entirely different class to his listeners. His fact they seemed to realize, and by the close attention they gave him, acknowledged his superiority.

CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE

"It might say first that I was such a 'beauty' at home in the Old Country, and had such a strong liking for the girls that I heard, that my friends, including the old Peter—father, by the way, died when I was a bit of a kid—thought that a change of air and scene would be beneficial in my particular case. Canada was on every one's lips, and Canada was selected as the land of my adoption."

"I well remember the day of my departure. I had imbibed freely, and was in such a condition that the 'old man' could not summon up enough courage to accompany him and his son to the landing stage. An old college chum stood by me, however, and saw me safely on board the vessel. I had a fairly good 'wad' when I started, for Dad had been liberal, but during those sixteen wild days on the ocean the best part of my cash changed hands, and I landed in Montreal with not three shillings in the world and practically without a sou."

"Some of the 'lower law' cronies soon hitched on, and me, and 'timed' me in clear, in less than three days I was a proper 'bum' with hardly a shilling to my name."



"What is the matter?"

The Valley of Decision

The Story of a Wanderer

See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh

back. It was late in the Fall and the weather bad. The third night after my landing, in what seemed to me a most dirty and inhospitable city, I crept, or rather lay huddled up in a doorway of an empty house. Rain was falling, and there were a few people in the streets hurried by, eager to find a refuge from the wind and weather.

"My condition was bad, and I felt my brain swimming on the verge of an attack of D.T.'s. Some of you boys know the feeling. I was already beginning to 'see things' at intervals. One of these



"The men gathered closer to the speaker and waited expectantly"

"things"—My! I can see it yet!—made as it to grab me, and I must have yelled out in terror, for some one who happened to pass by at the moment stopped and peered into the doorway. By the light of the miserable street lamp which flickered a few feet away, I discerned the figure of a man attired in uniform. My man, but on hearing his kindly enquiry regarding myself, I felt sure I must be mistaken, for no "limb of the law" was in the habit of addressing a poor drunk in a doorway, on a wet night, in the manner he did. "Well, my man," he said, "what is the matter? What are you doing here on such a night as this?"

WITHOUT PATRONAGE

"It was the genuine ring about the question which touched me. There was something without patronage, and even in my befuddled state, my heart went out to the fellow."

"You had better come home with me," he said, and bending down (aid me) he put his arm around me, and I went with him. "Come, get up! lean on me." With that he raised me up and we started home rather unsteadily.

"As we passed under the first lamp I looked up to catch a glimpse of my 'good Samaritan,' and saw on the band around his cap 'The Salvation Army.' That was my first experience of being right up close to the concert, but somehow I felt I was in good hands."

"We proceeded through the rain along some of the worst thoroughfares in the city, and arrived at what the Salvationists called 'Home.' This was a place which was known as 'Joe Brown's' and at one time owned by him, and was notorious for the very worst characters, but the Army have taken hold of it, and it is now a lodging-house, and practically patronized by seafaring men."

"The place was rough enough, and there was a tough-looking crowd seated in the general room. As we entered such cries as

"Here comes the Captain! he's got another haul!" and "Good night, Captain! who's yer new friend?" arose on every hand. The Captain returned the greetings generally, and led me through to a separate room which he called his office.

"Now, to cut a long story short, boys, that man fed me, nursed me, got the liquor out of my system, and generally attended me up. Not only did he do this, but he watched me day and night, and

feeling homesick. This caused a lump to rise in Bob's throat, but he restrained his feelings with an effort, and stated that he was not feeling very well.

"My guess you find it a bit rough up at the bunkhouse, eh? If you care, you're welcome to stay at my place. We're just common people, you know, but my place would find you a corner, I am sure."

Bob thanked the man, and told him that he would be only too pleased to change boarding-houses.

"Get your bag and come along to-night. I will make it right with Mrs. Brown. She's a Salvationist and practically runs the place for the good she can do, although I do say it myself."

MUST GO STRAIGHT ON

What would they think after placing their faith in him? After many of the Soldiers and Friends seeking with the cost of his travelling gear, he was not only returning, but found it necessary for him to write home for funds. He wished he had not posted the letter. Then came the thought about "making his bed and leaving it to lie in it" came to his mind. The reply of it caused him to shudder. Yes, he thought, there was but one way now, and that, to go straight on.

Mr. Brown, though a fairly good living man, was far from being religious, nevertheless he raised no objections to his wife being a Salvationist. He quite frequently stated, half in jest and half in earnest, that he believed that she had "enough religion for the two of them." There was no doubt Mrs. Brown was a good, earnest Christian, and Bob, time and time again, felt led to confide in her, but never summoned up courage to do so.

It was only on special occasions that Mrs. Brown could get her husband to attend an Army meeting. This being the case, one can imagine her surprise when she heard him suggest to Bob after supper one evening that they both "go down" and see what was going on at the "Army" box was on the point of making an excuse, but did not. The meeting was just commencing as they entered. There was a fine attendance, but they seemed seats without any great difficulty.

"The Captain was leading," Bob recalled, "she said in the course of her remarks, 'that best driven Jesus from her heart and home.' Bob shook wildly, which caused his companion to enquire whether anything was wrong, but he replied in the negative. As the meeting proceeded (on page 22)

MADE AN IMPRESSION

The call of the boss summoning the man back to their labour broke up the gathering somewhat abruptly, but Bob was convinced that the sombre individual had made an impression on his hearers favourable to the Army. He heard nothing, however, for he felt that he should have spoken. What an opportunity he had missed, he thought. "This fellow of mine," he said, "he's a good fellow, but he's a bit of a snore for poor Bob in fact, it was the

"During the afternoon he worked on in silence. The ease of mind, which had been his for a brief space during the morning, had departed, and thoughts of failure and defeat were rampant. His general delusion of spirits was raised by the man working near him, who, being kindly disposed, inquired whether he was

"That men fed me"

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Saviour and my Friend
In Him I found a resting place
And He made me a new man.



[From a recent photo by Master, Clepton, Eng.]

Mrs. General Booth,
British Commissioner

Mrs. Booth, it will be known, is not only an ardent champion of woman's right to active service in the cause of God and the people, but for the better part of the past forty years has been a leader in the Salvation Army. In 1884 she was placed in charge of the Women's Social Work, which position

she retained until the death of the Army's Founder in 1912. Early in the present year she gave further proof of her practical nature of her view of woman's position in the Salvation Army, by assuming, at the direction of the General, the responsible and onerous position of British Commissioner.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

THE JOY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

IF YOU are of this Christmas "War Cry" were occupied with pictures and articles dealing with the Young People's Work of the Salvation Army, we should not have exhausted either our subject or the patience of our readers, because the importance, variety and interest of this branch of work, and its ramifications and effects upon the present and future are such that volumes could be filled. Before proceeding to give some particulars concerning the work at representative Corps of East and West, we would point out that the great end is to save, and to save that is to save the soul, and to save the soul is to save the person. And interest of this branch of work, and its ramifications and effects upon the present and future are such that volumes could be filled. Before proceeding to give some particulars concerning the work at representative Corps of East and West, we would point out that the great end is to save, and to save that is to save the soul, and to save the soul is to save the person. And interest of this branch of work, and its ramifications and effects upon the present and future are such that volumes could be filled. Before proceeding to give some particulars concerning the work at representative Corps of East and West, we would point out that the great end is to save, and to save that is to save the soul, and to save the soul is to save the person.

First, we have some interesting sketches and thought-provoking particulars from Calgary.

It is easy to forget the child's importance and possibilities. Why, bless you, in that Primary Class in your Junior Company Meeting at this moment there may be a future world leader, a Lloyd George, a John Wesley, a William Booth, or a Francis Willard, a Florence Nightingale, a Catherine Booth. Yes, it's easy to minimize the child's importance. Just because it is so small at A & C, it is no reason why we should not foresee its entry into mature activities just a little ahead, as fully equipped as ourselves.

HELPED TO FIND THE BEST

Herein is the joy of Young People's Work, that young men may be safely guided past the mistakes we have made, and helped to the best there is; which means to us most happiness, and longer years of life. For, as you know, sin shortens life as well as poisons it. Alcohol or wrong living takes ten years from life; tobacco, five; cigarettes are deadly. And every other sin, without exception, takes its heavy toll in days as well as in years. Intensely important therefore is the Young People's Work. It should have our best guiding and teaching talent, comrades with love for the young, and tact in interesting them in the story of Salvation. You can't catch fish with a bare hook; nor fish with vinegary rather children with a face four feet six inches long. And don't forget that boys and girls have bad as well as good as well as souls; therefore, mix with them; romp, play, run races, picnic.

Just where the material leaves off, or blends into the actual Sunday work of the Junior Corps, I am not prepared to say, but there is a vast difference. Take the Primary: It was months before George Bligh's mother could get him near the Young People, but one Sunday found him in the Primary Class, and the Band Try did the rest. Now you couldn't keep him away. Take the Young People's League of social and other interest to all Young People of fifteen or over.

Since you have honoured Calgary with part of this page for the Christmas "War Cry," to represent the Young People's Work, it may interest you to know that, while not the largest Company Meeting in the West, we are well equipped and doing effective work, from Cradle to Grave. Besides this close work, there are—

- (1) The Boys' Band, which during the war graduated into the Senior Band; Norman Buckley, Bob Laurie, Charlie Stummel, Willie Garment, Willie Gremar, and others. It is now about to be re-organized under Bandmaster Ernie Bloomfield.
- (2) The Young People's League, which, under Deputy Bandmaster Thompson, gives excellent account of itself.
- (3) The Junior Songsters. These are being instructed by Sister Jean Montgomery, and good success is expected.
- (4) The Children's Home League, which supports the Young People's Work at the Children's Home. The Young People's Open-Air is a regular institution, taking part in it, the Junior Workers, Corps Cadets, and converted Young People. There is also a regular Sunday morning Junior Meeting. You will see that the ground is nicely covered at Calgary.
- (5) The "War Cry" wishes its copy in advance, so that when it comes to figures it is necessary to give those for a Sunday in August, a hot-weather month. They are: Enrollment, 160; attendance, 180; offering, \$7; open-air attendance, 12; Sunday morning Meeting, 30.

The close work of Calgary's Young People's Corps may be better gleaned from the conversions recorded, there having been over sixty at the Young People's Councils, and forty in the meetings during the year. The Candidates sent to the Training College in 1918



Commissioner Richards, with his sons, Adjutant Daniel and Assistant Life-Saving Scout Leader, Carl. The family of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards are an excellent example of the outcome of proper attention to the Training of Young People. They are all in Salvation Service. Brigadier William is Chief Secretary for Korea, Mrs. Carl is a wife and her husband in China. Adjutant Dan has just arrived in Canada after seven years in South Africa, and two other sons are Officers in the United Kingdom.

were: Lieutenant Nellie Bunnell (now at Grace Hospital), Lieutenant May Davis (Anzac, B.C.), Lieutenant Florrie Garnett (Welshwin, A.L.), and Lieutenant Rasmussen (Vernon, B.C.). In the 1918 Session we have



Some of the raw material from which Dovercourt's fine Troop of Life-Saving Scouts is being made. Leaders are having the children observe the difference between the old and the new. If he does we will give them a full-page picture in our Eastern Standard Number.

from the Junior Corps: Primary Leader Elsie Stummel and Company Guard Corps. To save the lost, bringing them into the fold, and into the mother arm of the Salvation Army, is our mission, and the healthiest sign of growth but in proportion as we conserve and develop our inside strength, notably our Young People, already grounded in the truth, and we build up that much stronger and more efficient fighting forces, and accomplish greater things for the Master in going after sinners of all ages.

Calgary's Young People's Corps says, "Happy Christmas!" to all and pledges loyalty to the flag, and to the Behaviour Whose birth we celebrate—H.

That a thriving Young People's Corps is a splendid recruiting ground for a Senior Corps, and at the same time a field of opportunity in itself, where splendid and

Records from East and West Which Show How Great a Field of Promise Are Our Junior Corps

lasting work for God can be accomplished, is amply demonstrated at Vancouver.

Adjutant and Mrs. Buntin, Young People's Sergeant, Major Brand, and their efficient staff of six and six Young People's Locals are keenly alive to the advantages there are in properly training the younger generation and their labours are being rewarded in a marked manner.

It is interesting to note, from a chart that hangs in the Citadel's wall, the advances in attendance during the past twenty years. In 1900 fifty-two names were on the roll; in 1908 one hundred and ninety-two, and in 1918 three hundred and eighty-two. In addition to the figures for Peterboro Temple, there is an Outlook at Brailly under the direction of Young People's Sergeant, Major Brand, with an average attendance of fifty every Sunday. Brewtown, another Outlook, opened by Young People's Sergeant-Major Brand, is now known as Peterboro II. Corps. A thriving Young People's Work was in process here when the Corps was opened.

MEETINGS FOR INDIANS

Then Adjutant Buntin, who is ever alert for making advances, runs a Young People's Meeting at Hawsah. This place is on the border of Rice Lake, and in it is a number of Indians. The meetings are held in a deserted church, and five Companies, chiefly Indians, are in operation every Sunday. The Adjutant suggested to Chief Crowe that the Salvation Army open a Sunday School, and he was not only happy at the idea, but volunteered to pay the salaries of the company who go from Peterboro weekly to conduct the meetings. A Salvation Meeting is held for the public after the Young People's Meeting.

But even now we have not reached the limit of Salvation Army enterprise among the younger generation at Peterboro, as Sister Mrs. Bette, has a Company of Chinese men, who meet every Sunday. She recently a Chinese boy, hearing of this, on meeting Mrs. Bette, fell on his knees and said, "Please teach me Bible!" "The success of this Company," said Adjutant Buntin, "has come about largely through the sale of the Chinese 'War Cry'."

During the summer months a Young People's Corps was established at Grandport on the Okanagan River, where a number of tourists and citizens of Peterboro gather in the summer for a holiday. The attendance for eight Sundays this year was seven hundred and forty-nine, and the collections, sixty-four dollars, paid for the Young People's supplies of the entire Young People's Corps.

And in addition to all the aforementioned, Sergeant-Major Brand informed us that a thriving Young People's Work was going on in East City, another town of Peterboro, but owing to others claiming the building the work had to cease.

It will be gathered from the above that the Salvation Army International Company Lesson is being taught to well over five hundred children in Peterboro every Sunday. There are thirty-five Companies in operation—some of which meet in the Class-rooms, while others are arranged neatly in the body of the hall.

After the children go to their respective Companies, the Company Guards make the registers, take the offering, placing the money in small bags, each bag being the number of the Company on the outside. The registers and collections are then placed on the Company Guard's desk and the lesson is started. The sergeants then collect the registers and money bags, take them to a large, flat-topped desk, around which are gathered seven Young People's Locals, who immediately count the money and enter it into a cash book, crediting each Company with their own total, while others take the registers and tabulate the attendance in separate books.

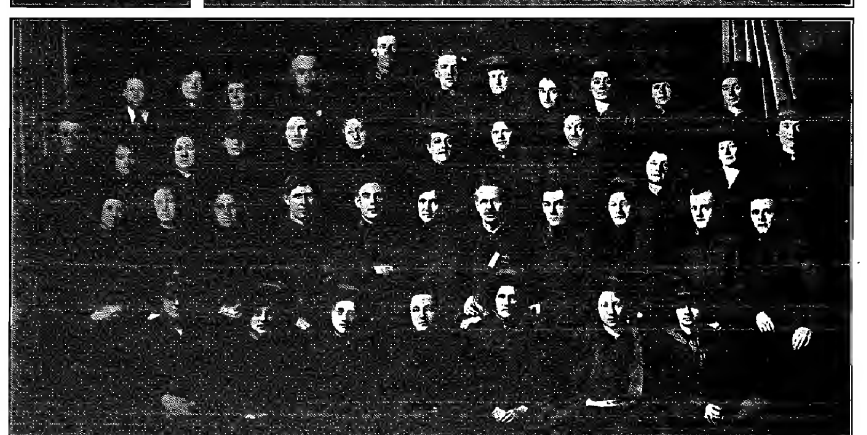
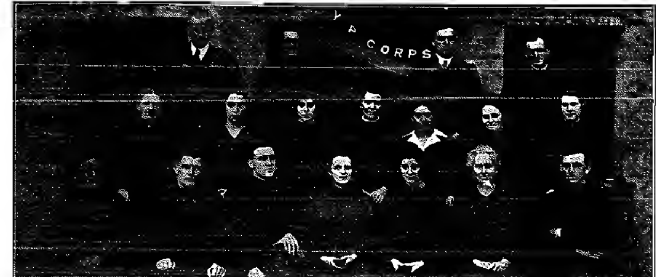
The Primary Department is in two social rooms and each is working splendidly. A noticeable feature is the Birthday Chair. This is a painted white, and any girl having a birthday during the week sits in this chair the following Sunday.

The Young People's Library is up to date in fact, ranging among the best we have yet seen. It contains seven hundred books.

Every effort is made to get the boys and girls encouraged, and last October Sunday twenty-five phoned sought Jesus Christ. "Do you do anything in the way of traveling to the Gales?" we asked the sergeant-major, to which he replied, "There are twenty-eight names on the Senior Roll of converts." "G.C." passed through the Young People's Corps.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Oh, that the world would turn and see The riches of this army! The world of mankind embrace.



Representatives of the Young People's Work

The portraits are of Brigadier Barr (left) Terri, Social Young People's Secretary for Canada East, and Major Sims (right), who holds this position in Canada West. At the head and foot we have groups of the Young People's Local Officers of Calgary, A. and Peterboro II. In neither case is the muster complete, in the latter there being over twenty who were not present when the photo was taken. In the centre of the first picture are Young People's Sergeant-Major Chumblin, Mrs. Adjutant Merritt,

and Mrs. Staff-Captain White; in that of the second Adjutant and Mrs. Buntin and Young People's Sergeant-Major Brand. The picture in the centre of the page is of a part of the Winnipeg Citadel Young People's Corps, from a photo taken at a picnic. In the centre of this are Staff-Captain and Mrs. Merritt and Commandant and Mrs. Bristol, Ensign Cox, of the Territorial Headquarters, acts as Sergeant-Major of this promising Corps.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

In darkest shades, if these appear,
The darkness is a sign of sin,
And they are the very ones,
And they are the very ones,
And they are the very ones,



Our Fresh - Air Camp on :: :: Lake Simcoe ::

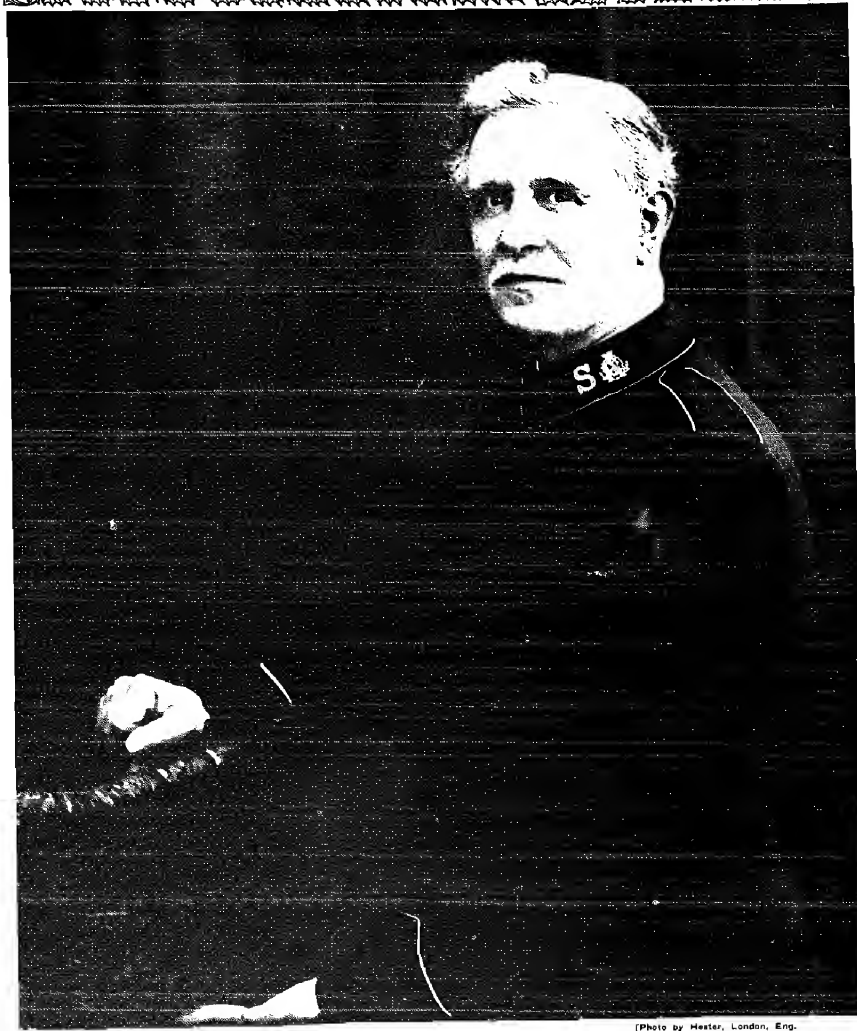
(1) Main Buildings from the Lake Shore
Road; (2) "Murreh!" Four parties of mothers
and children similar to this were each given a
two-weeks' stay at the Camp; (3) Shady woods
and sunny beaches make the district delightful;
(4) Under the cedars—a corner of "The Grove."

the Camp "cathedral." These pictures will give
some idea of the healthful holiday their des-
tinations provide, through the agency of the
Salvation Army, for needy city children who
the sweltering heat of summer is here.

["War Cry" Photos]

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

The opening before me shines
With beams of sacred light,
For Jesus shows the way to life,
And whosoever I am His.

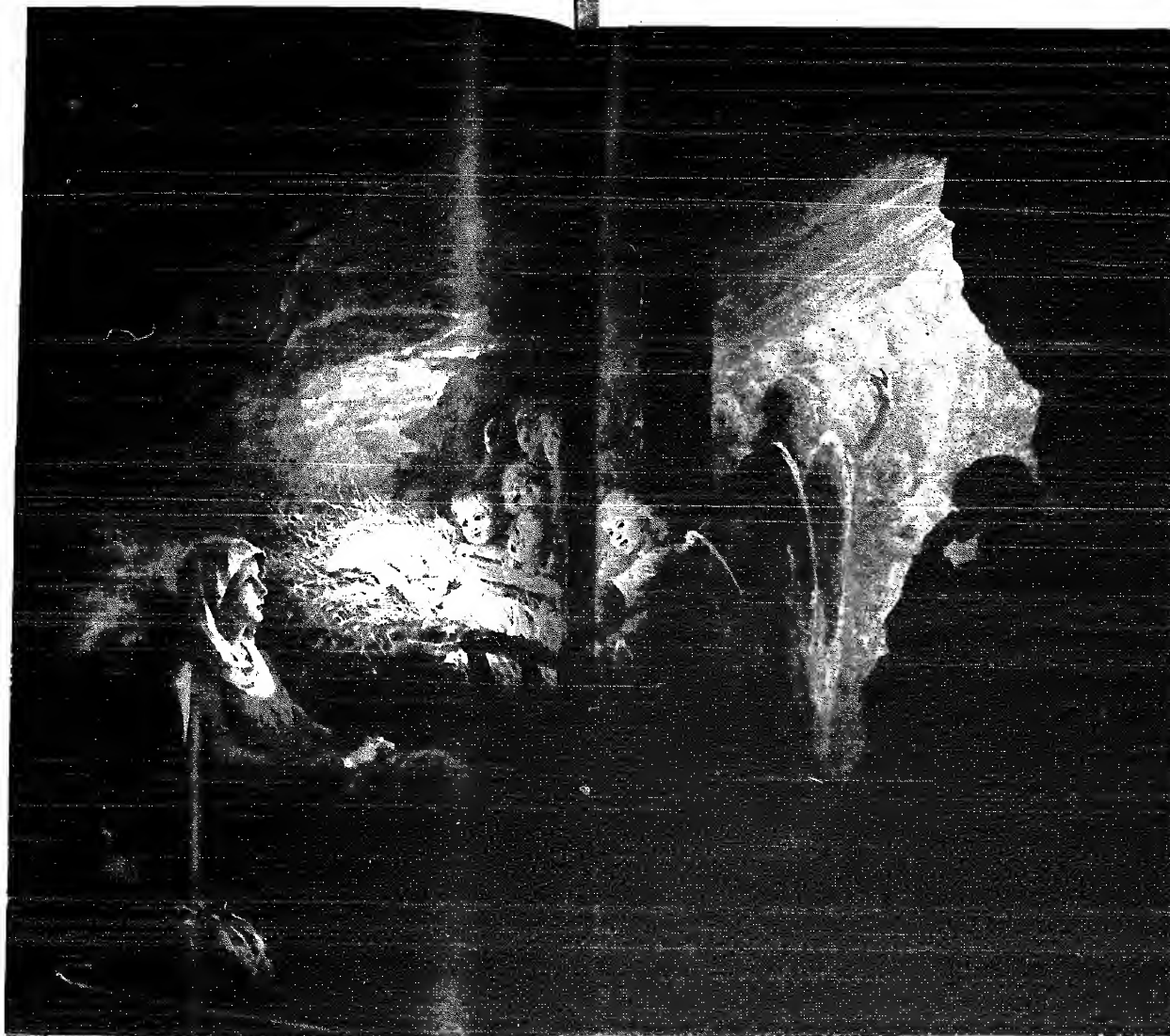


[Photo by Hester, London, Eng.]

The Chief of the Staff :: ::

Commissioner Edward J. Higgins has not
only himself attained a position of high rank
and great usefulness in the Salvation Army, but
is the son of a Commissioner, whose memory
is greatly revered. His own Officership dates
back to 1882. His service abroad—he was at
one time Chief Secretary for the United States

Territory—has well as his extensive travels, his
association with the Foreign Office, and his
long experience in various branches of Salva-
tion Army warfare, have added to his natural
ability a fine equipment for his present posi-
tion, to which he was called by the General in
the Spring of the present year.



AROUND the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

The Ministration of the Children

This beautiful picture shows the
Jesus thronged with child-angels. It
Saviour in His agony in Gethsemane, and
can we not well imagine with the angels
His earliest hours would be made up of
taken home to Heaven before their eyes

of the infant
entered to the
angels declare,
bodyguard of
who had been
gullied by the

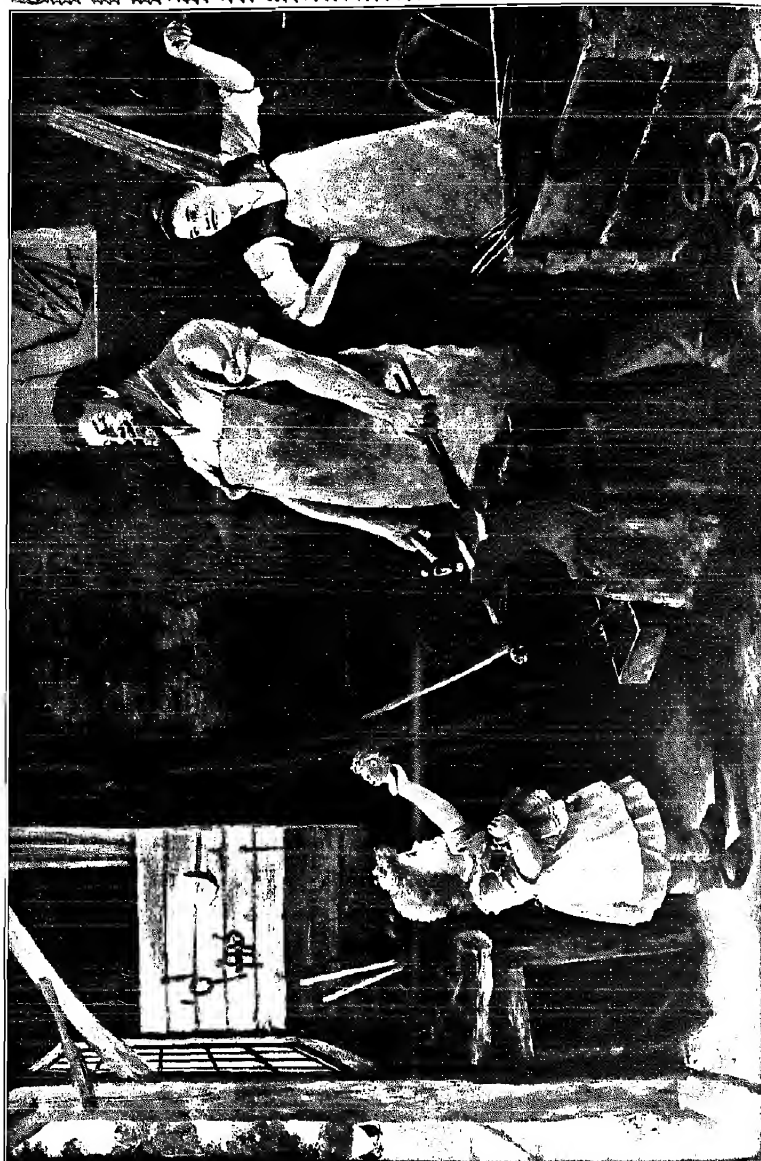
world? Anyway, the children were very dear to His heart in the
days of His ministry, and if this picture helps us to feel more of
the tenderness towards the little ones that He so earnestly strove
to inculcate, it will have served a worthy purpose. "Suffer the
little children to come unto Me," he said, "and forbid them not:
for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

(Copyright)

IN FLOWING robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!



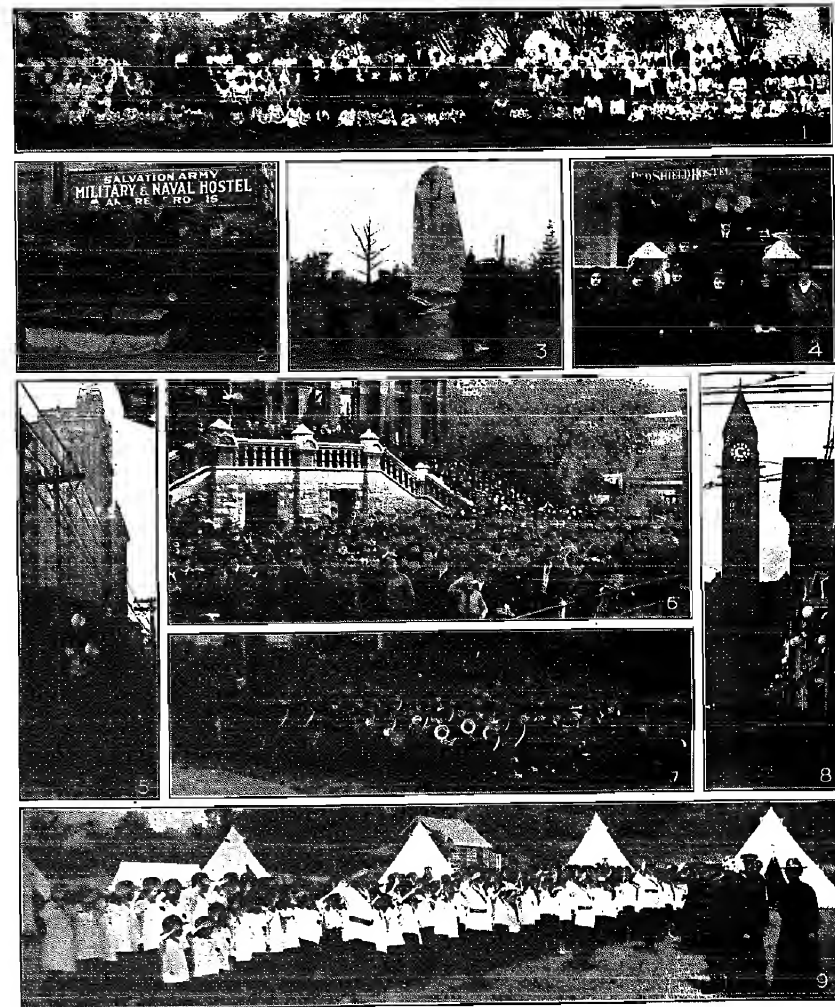
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girls, but too often we who ought to know better take our
broken hearts and lives for repair where they will only be rent
and torn afresh. There is only One who can do good to a
sinner's soul. To all who need the help He sends "Come!"

We smile at the childish trust of the fair-haired little girl
who takes her broken "bobby" to the sturdiest blacksmith for
mending. Has anyone a broken heart? The smith is at my
door - a handy one who would do anything he could for the little

Can 'oo Mend
My Dollie?

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Oh, what peace we often find,
Oh, what restfulness can we have -
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!



Some of the Year's Events Recalled

(1) Toronto Training College Division Home
League Picnic presided over by Mrs. Commis-
sioner Richards; (2) Opening of Vancouver
Hostel; (3) Commissioner Howard laying a
memorial wreath on the "Empress" Monument,
Mount Pleasant; (4) At Opening of Halifax
Hostel; (5 and 6) Reminders of the way in
which the Salvation Army Red Shield Cam-

paign held the heart of Toronto; (8) Launching
of Winnipeg Drive on the City Hall steps; (7)
Welcome Home to Returning Soldiers at North
Toronto Station, one of the many occasions in
which Salvation Army Bands have joined in
giving hearty greeting to heroes from overseas;
(9) Life-saving Guards salute Commissioner
Richards at Jackson's Point Camp.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, weary, to the Cradle Roll,
For every soul is your guest,
For God looks down on all
and all things in Christ are ready now



The Cradle Roll— Our Coming Army

On this page there are between four and five hundred portraits of sturdy and bright youngsters who are representative of thousands of others whose names are on the Cradle Roll of our Young People's Corps throughout Canada.

The organization of the Salvation Army Junior Work provides for the Young People from the Cradle Roll till they pass into the Soldier Corps,

and workers are everywhere wanted to put it into full effect. Are you doing your part?

Inset are portraits of Mrs. Commissioner Richards and one of her grandsons, whose parents (Adjutant and Mrs. Daniel Richards) have been on furlough in Canada from South America, and Mrs. Brigadier Green, part of whose duty it is to take special interest in the Cradle Roll.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Come, weary, to the Cradle Roll,
For every soul is your guest,
For God looks down on all
and all things in Christ are ready now

RISEN FROM THE RANKS

Career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner,
Chief Secretary for Canada West.
A Man who "Sees Things Through."

SOMEONE has said, "The secret of success is constancy of purpose." In the career of Colonel W. J. B. Turner, Canada West's Chief Secretary, we have a exemplification of this truth. Ever since his promotion to the rank of full Colonel, in August of last year, we have been endeavouring to secure up-to-date photos of the Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and some particulars of their career for "The War Cry." We are now pleased to be able to include these in our Christmas Number.

The longer one is associated with the Colonel (twice in D. C.) the more impressed one becomes with the really remarkable manner in which he applies himself day in and day out to the multifarious duties which, by virtue of his position, devolve upon him. In this connection one is reminded of a tribute paid him by Commissioner Richards some years ago—"The Colonel," he said, "does a thing through." This trait in his character, combined with the Grace of God, is no doubt the key to his success as a Salvation Army officer.



Lieutenant Turner—1895

PRACTICALLY A CANADIAN

When only two years old Colonel Turner was brought to Canada by his parents. Thus he is practically a Canadian, and he has, in every sense of the term, "risen from the ranks" to his present responsible position as second in command of the Army's Forces in Western Canada.

When a lad, his parents resided in the suburbs of Toronto, where he was brought up, receiving his education at the Yarmouth and Oshawa schools. Young Will Turner was diligent in his studies, but after the death of his mother, which occurred when he was about fourteen years of age, his headstrong nature asserted itself, and he wanted to leave home and make his way in the world. His father had other plans for his boy, and took up first where they eventually settled. The breach widened between him and his father, and Will eventually went to live with an aunt who resided in Toronto.

This aunt had great ambitions for her nephew, for she was set on his becoming either a clergyman or a doctor. Her desire in this respect never materialized. One evening her husband, when he returned home, told her of the remarkable meetings that were being held by the Yorkville Corps. The account was so intensely interesting to young Turner, that he left the house secretly and paid a visit to one of the meetings, which made a great impression upon him.



Adjutant and Mrs. Turner—1895

INTEREST AND EXCITEMENT

About a year afterwards he was converted to a Methodist revival, and a week later became a Soldier of the Salvation Army. His Soldier days were full of interest and no little excitement, for at that time the Organization was far from being understood.

Feeling the Call to the Work, he became a Cadet and was appointed to Acton, Ontario. This was in 1894. Between this date and 1895, the Colonel was appointed to seventeen Corps, three as Cadet, two as Lieutenant, and twelve as Captain. In October, 1895, he and Captain Asa Barker were married, Mrs. Turner being an Officer of four years' successful field experience, her last Corps previous to her marriage being Uxbridge, Ontario. His beloved partner has proved herself a tower of strength to her husband, who attributes his success, apart from Divine favour, to the whole-hearted sympathy and practical support she has always given

him in his efforts to bring into effect his cherished ideals relating to his service for God in the Salvation Army.

Following the Colonel's various appointments, some mentioned as a Field Officer, increased responsibilities were placed upon him, and he was made District Officer—first at St. Catharines, Ontario, it is interesting to note that Major Sims (the Young People's Secretary for Canada West) was his Lieutenant of that time. Promotion to Ensign followed, and he was appointed to Barrie and District. He was a Divisional Commander of the Central Ontario and Western Ontario Provinces during 1894-95, during which time he held the rank of Adjutant. Promoted to Staff-Captain, he was appointed Chancellor to the Pacific Province, the Headquarters at that time (1898) being in Spokane, Washington.

PREPARED FOR RESPONSIBILITY

The Colonel's seven years as a Provincial Officer prepared him for the greater responsibilities which were soon to follow. It helped to develop his executive and administrative ability and to fit him as a leader. During the four years previous to his appointment as Territorial Secretary, to the then newly-formed Territory of Canada West, duties of a very diversified nature fell to the Colonel's lot. He was Subscriptions Secretary; then the duties of Property Secretary were added to his responsibilities, after which he was appointed Property and Immigration Secretary. These positions presented a wide field of opportunity for acquiring knowledge and experience, of which the Colonel took full advantage. In 1907 he was appointed Chief Secretary, which was followed, so already intimated, in August, 1913, by his promotion to full Colonel.



Colonel and Mrs. Turner—1919

Hospitals for Women

THERE are few women who have not at some period, when suffer from illness by the way of operation has been taken of, or other circumstances, have made it desirable they should go where skilled attention can be obtained, longed for a place that combined the best characteristics of home and hospital. It is to meet this need in a way which brings it within the reach of all that the Salvation Army has developed, and is still further developing, Maternity Hospitals, both by adding to the accommodation of those already in existence and by erecting new where circumstances demanded it.

During the year the fine building at London which has been added to the existing institutions there, was placed in full commission under the name of Bethesda Hospital. Our pictures give three views of the front, as it stands "embowered in the beautiful and health-giving surroundings of the Forest City."

Doctors and hospital experts who have inspected "Bethesda" say that building and equipment comply with the latest requirements of medical science; patients have put on record that they have found it not only a place where they have received skilful treatment; but that the "atmosphere" is so healthful that the dread which talk of "hospital" commonly fastens has been completely removed from the prospective patient's mind.



Views of the front of the Salvation Army Hospital for Women, London, Ontario

ties are provided for the performance of operations.

A very special feature of "Bethesda" and some other of these Hospitals are the facilities which are provided by the establishment in the adjoining grounds of Homes for Children. It is very seldom happens that one of a mother's greatest anxieties is what is to be done with her family during the time that she is

laid aside. Not only is the worry this entails relieved, but too frequently, natural maternal solicitude leads to a much too early return to active participation in household duties, with consequences that bring life-long suffering. When the mother is in hospital, the children can be cared for in these Homes, where they are well looked after and made happy till the time comes for them to return with mother, well and strong, to their own dwelling.

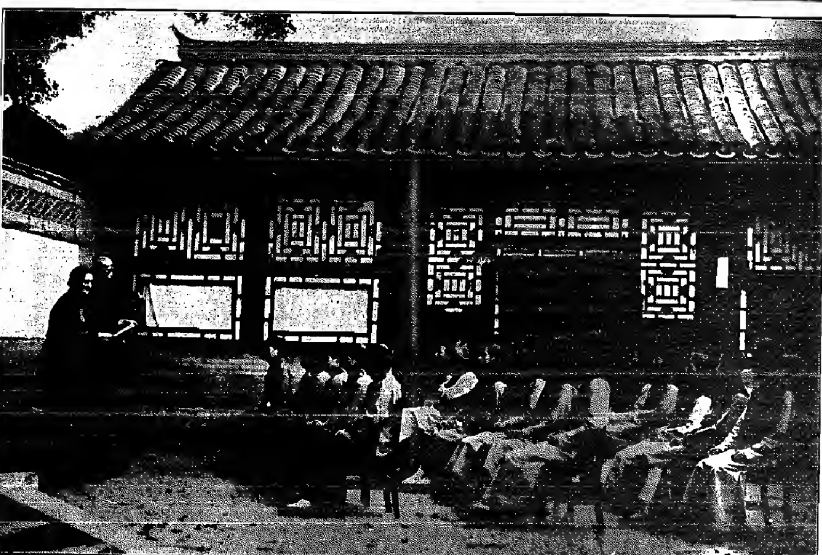
Prominent among the institutions recently in existence is the Grace Hospital of which Winnipeg is so justifiably proud. Large and important institutions have recently been carried out there.

At Halifax, during the Congress recently conducted by Commissioner Richards, the foundation stone was laid of a Women's Hospital which when completed, will be the largest in the Army has in the whole of Canada. Windsor (Ont.) and North Sydney are other places where hospitals are to be established, that at Windsor will probably be opened before these words are in print.

Applications for service in the Women's Hospitals established by the Salvation Army in the various places of the Dominion are invited. They should be sent to the Army Headquarters, Women's Social Work, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., or to the nearest Canadian War Effort Conference Local Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Just the very thought of Thee,
Who bringest life to my soul;
And in Thy presence rest.



Good Evidence of Progress in China

(1) Peking North Corps, opened in April, 1918. There are now over thirty Corps in operation. (2) Officers of the second session of the Officers' Training College in Peking at a leisure. The speaker is Mrs. Adjutant Pennick, the wife of the Principal. In these pictures the proof that

the devotion of men and money to the salvation of China. In which these Territories have taken a good share, in bearing good fruit. Salvationists and friends who unite in the annual Self-Denial Week will find in them much cause for gratification.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

O Hope of every soul's heart!
O Joy of all who are true!
Tell me what all have said: "Thee art
Thee good to me, and I am true."

The Save World Army in Northern China :

Three Days of Travel, Business, Human Interest and Salvation Work In a New World Vindictly Described by Staff-Captain Ernest Pagnire

EARLY one Friday morning Lieutenant Bern and I board the train at the Peking Hai Chin Men (West Straight Gate) Station, and with difficulty secure a seat in one of the third-class coaches—a vehicle somewhat inferior in comfort to our Canadian colonial cars. The car is crowded to suffocation, but by dint of a little good-humoured bantering and pushing we manage to clear space for ourselves and baggage, and get settled for the long journey before us.

Lieutenant Bern (who accompanies me as interpreter) is an American, of Norwegian parentage, and speaks Norwegian, Swedish, Northern Chinese, and English with equal fluency. To me the look of a foreigner, the faces of the Chinese when they hear a foreigner chatting so freely in their own language as they do themselves is amusing. It isn't long, therefore, before helen-fan is started between us, and they have our names, addresses, destination, profession, and a host of other details, and we are possessed of the same information regarding themselves. What tidings they are, and what a terrific bunch of curiosity they all seem to be! They are a jolly, happy crowd, and almost child-like in their interest in everything and everybody.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAY

The railway on which we are travelling is the only one in China entirely built, owned and controlled by the Chinese Government, and it is a credit to them. The rock cuttings, bridges, culverts, tunnelling, ballasting, etc., are splendidly executed and the service is good. In fact, while sitting in the diner having a bit of lunch, and viewing the mountain scenery, it was hard to realize I was in China and not on the Canadian Pacific somewhere near Field or Danforth. One interesting feature of this railway, especially to a Finnlander, is the fact that, being Government-owned, it will accept at full value Bank of China notes which, at present, are elsewhere only worth sixty-five per cent. of their face value, and which, of course, we are able to buy at the money exchange rate of that figure.

At 3.30 in the afternoon we arrive at Kelgan, a thriving, bustling, populous place, and the gateway for Mongolian traffic. The Army opened fire here about nine months ago, and while progress is necessarily slow, some good converts have been secured, and one can sense a feeling of friendliness towards us on the part of both the officials and people.

My first business is to inspect a property that had been offered to us, which in Kelgan would be a comparatively simple job, but here it is somewhat complicated by the nature of a mass meeting, for immediately you step to land, anything, no matter what, you are surrounded by a crowd of curious, questioning Chinese. However, we get through, and after indulging in a good meal prepared by Captain Gustafson, a Finnish officer assisting Ernest Bern, we set forth to the open air.

We are scarcely outside the door before the sight of the flag, drum, and banding attracts the crowd, and we are followed to our stand by a laughing, jostling mass of people, big and little, many of the youngsters being without a stitch of clothing. We reach an open space, of which there are none too many, push back the crowd, and discover to form a ring, but it is almost impossible to keep anybody out. The Chinese Lieutenant gives out, "We're bound for the Land," and then we get to the chorus, "Will you go?" as it is in Chinese, "Chiu pui chiu" "Do not go!"—everybody joins in. Somebody else told me in Canada that Chinese couldn't sing, but all they seem to need is showing how, and the Salvation Army is certainly doing this. The Chu Chin Gah tak jin (Salvationists) sing each verse, and the crowd shouts in with the chorus, "Chiu pui chiu" each time. Several of the converts testify, not simply saying, "Thank God, I'm saved!" but having a straight look at the speaker, and saying, "I will follow you." Lieutenant Bern then gives them five minutes or so to watch the Old, Old Story, we pray, and march off to the Hall, singing "We'll follow you."

THE CROWD SINGS HEARTILY

We have a swelling motley Indian, the little Hall being packed, with the inevitable six or seven soldiers lined up at the back. The crowd sings heartily from the large wall Song Sheet written in Chinese characters, which every Corps uses. I talk to them through the interpreter about the Great Burden-Bearer, and urge them to accept Christ. They listen attentively and watch one's every move; but no one comes, and we close. We then proceed to do business with the owner of the property previously looked at, and by midnight get on to common ground regarding price.

Our cover next morning we again board the train for Fengchen, some fifteen hundred feet higher altitude than Kelgan. It is a slow train, and it takes us until five in the afternoon to reach the new station. The scenery, however, is interesting. We cross a sort of tableland, and can see for miles on either side of the railway. Far from being a flat, featureless stretch, on the opposite bank of which an excellent view of the Great Wall is obtained, with its twisted watch towers every few hundred feet. Dotting here and there are herds of some what lean-looking cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, and

occasionally we pass a mud-hut village, which appears to be deserted, but which probably contains several hundred people. Finally we reach Fengchen, and are met by the Chinese Lieutenant, Ensign Brandt, the Officer in charge, being away.

My business here is also to inspect property. It happens it is not a good night for a meeting, and as we have only a few hours before dark we partake of a meagre supper—Chinese meal cakes, bits of meat, and without sugar or milk, and then start out. Fengchen is typically Chinese, with very little foreign intrusion—winding, narrow, dirty streets, mud houses and



Chinese Cadets Selling "The War Cry" in Peking

walls, braying donkeys, strings of gaunt-looking camels in charge of dirty, red-nosed, shaggy-haired Mongols, naked youngsters playing in the mud and mud of the streets, cattle with their long shoulder poles and baskets suspended from each end, shopkeepers noisily shouting their wares, etc., etc. As usual, we are followed by a procession of men and children, curious to know what we are up to, and occasionally we hear the remark, "What kind of a thing is this?"—foreign devils come as some of the older women retreat behind their mud walls.

FIVE MONTHS UNBURIED

We inspect several properties. In one place, in my anxiety to see all there is to be seen, I insist on entering a room built and barred. The first thing that greets my eyes is a huge Chinese coffin. When I turn to enquire if my attendants have retreated before the terrible odour, and when I regain the comparatively clear air of the courtyard, I am informed the corpse has been there for five months, the relatives having not yet been able to obtain sufficient money to pay for the sort of burial necessary to the dead man's state of life!

Although I did not have the privilege of conducting a meeting here, I met some of the converts—bright and happy, and showing by their whole demeanor that a marvelous change has been wrought in their hearts and lives.

Next morning, when we get to the station, about six "cadets" one of the converts was already there with a bundle of "Cry," waiting to the passengers and lookers-on. The stationmaster, who is exceedingly friendly to us, is presented with a fine copy of each issue.

At ten-thirty we arrive at Tatanfalu, an important walled city. The station is some distance from the city gates, and we, therefore, get a Peking cart to carry us and our luggage. A ride in a Peking cart is something to be remembered in more sense than one by a Westerner. It is absolutely springless, and on roads that are uneven, rutted, the cart, drawn by a sturdy mule, slides, bumps, and rattles its way into town. All inside the driver on the left. The driver does not sleep in spite of the shaking, only goes to press it in all in getting used to a thing.

At the Tan Men (Great Gate) we are compelled to leave the soldier on guard our card—practically my last card, the other dozen or so I brought with me having been exhausted in similar ways. Your card, with full particulars regarding your name, address, occupation, etc., in English and also Chinese and Chinese in the other, when the reader, "Chiu Chin Chien" (Save the World Army), and passes us through.

We reach the quarters, when I meet Captain Fletcher, of the West, for the first time since coming to China, and Captain Elmgren, a Finnish Officer, have a

bill of breakfast, and then are off for the morning meeting. We have recently purchased a very suitable little property here, and made extensive renovations, and the place is a credit, not only making the surroundings more congenial for our Officers, but attracting some of the better class Chinese to the meetings.

The Hall seats nearly two hundred people, and this morning is comfortably filled. The large living space is brought into requisition; a convert, using a pointer, reads out the narrative of a song, and those who are familiar with it join in. I then divide the audience into sections, and try to get the chorus going—first, the children, then the women, then the men, and finally altogether—and before long they almost take the roof.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN

Some of the converts testify, each coming right up on to the platform without hesitation, and telling what God and the Salvation Army has done for them. They are intelligent-looking young men, and their faces beam with shining or testifying. The crowd looks on, listening respectfully, and appreciating to the full any witness hurled at them by Lieutenant Bern as to their "trying to sing with their mouths closed," and so on. A few more out while I am speaking, but instantly their places are taken by others.

At 2 p.m. the Lieutenant conducts the Hal-tell (Children's) Meeting. At first the children seem a little frightened and backward, but the Lieutenant tells them story after story to illustrate sin, wrong-doing, the love of Jesus for them, and so on. We induce two or three of them to come on the platform and sing a chorus, and before we finish they are so thoroughly won over, that the least interested are several mothers who have come with their children.

Immediately at the close of this meeting we go to one of the very worst quarters of the city, beat our drum, and tell the matchless story of Jesus to the many men, women, and children who gather around us. One's heart walls with sympathetic feeling and love for these poor, dark, ignorant people, and almost instinctively you close your eyes and pray the Holy Spirit to in some way reveal Christ to them. To look at them one would never catch the slightest hint of emotion or feeling, and there seems a total lack of that pitiful appeal for Christian light and help that we in other lands are so apt to picture.

At night the Hall is packed to the doors and a number wait outside to get in when others move out. The Chinese Lieutenant lines out "There is a Fountain filled with Blood," and after some coaxing and urging we get nearly everybody to have a go at the refrain. We ask a convert to pray, and without the slightest hesitation one cries to God on behalf of the meeting. There are three converts (men) to be enrolled as recruits, their names are called out, and they come quietly on to the platform. I address them, through the interpreter, briefly outlining the fundamental principles of Salvationism, reminding them of the great love of God to them in opening their eyes, enlightening their minds, and saving them, and of the promise and privilege of becoming Salvationists, and charge them to continue to prove faithful. They each have a word of testimony. All this time the people give rapt attention, curious, I suppose, and wondering what is going to happen next.

AN INTERESTING GATHERING

What an interesting crowd they are—old, wrinkled, yellow-faced men, deep-set eyes, and hair in evidence of life of never-ending toil, persistently refusing to discard their pigtail, which, in many cases, is composed of a few straggly wisps of grey hair, with a cord attached to highlight the illusion of length; tall, thin, with their dark blue, knee-length tunings, trousers drawn in at the ankles, steel hair and beard; stout, middle-aged men and women, the men with closely-shaved heads, while the women in neat, light-colored dresses of various colored hues, the poorer small children with a pair of trousers on only, or nothing at all, and the slightly better class with a little white or black Chinese coat and pant—almost all giving close, almost embarrassing, attention to what is going on.

I read, and give an interesting talk to the crowd, drawing illustrations from their own country and customs, and rapid to slip if there is any sign of lack of interest or weariness. We go into the prayer meeting. A few make a move for the door, and instantly others make for their seats. We sing, repeat, and urge, but no one declines. Finally we are compelled to close. We pronounce the Benediction, but still they stay, and Lieutenant Bern has to tell them the meeting is over. We go into the quarters, but are called back again in a few minutes—most of the converts have brought two the Penitent Form. We kneel around and pray and sing, and finally they say they believe, and will come again to know more.

Next morning at 8.30 we are off for Peking. The Chinese Lieutenant accompanies us for some distance along the line, spending most of the time telling us the "Cry" to the passengers, and talking to them about the Christian religion.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Whom shall I bring where'er the sun
Doth his golden beams warm on
The rugged crag high above the
Till each child and old man

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

(Continued from Page 6)
proceeded a deep sigh of condemnation came upon Bob. The Captain's address, though simple, was delivered with an authority and sincerity which stirred the congregation. None were more wrought upon by the Spirit than Mr. Brown, and although Bob realized this, he felt powerless to say a word to him regarding his soul's salvation.

Shortly after the beginning of the prayer meeting he rose and informed Mr. Brown that it was his intention to leave.

The other man, who was under deep conviction, after some hesitation, followed him, and together they left the Hall.

"DOES NOT MINE MATTER"

For a while neither spoke. As length Mr. Brown said, "It's strange, but I felt led to go to the Army tonight. It's months since I was there, and then it was an excitement and a rest. The little Captain does not mind matters. I felt she was speaking to me personally from the committal to the finish of her address. Go, you know, Bob, I had stayed longer and anyone had spoken to me, they could have easily persuaded me to surrender. I think that's what they call it, is it not?"

"I think it is," said Bob very quietly. "You're not yourself to-night, my boy. You'll have to see a doctor. If you want, then I will get my mistress to fix you up. She's the greatest one to prescribe, and her prescriptions seldom fail to effect a cure."

Mrs. Brown relieved them with a smile on their return, and was most anxious to know what took place at the meeting and how they enjoyed it, but neither was in a very communicative mood. On being informed by her husband that Bob was "under the weather," she promptly went to work to prepare one of her "patent" prescriptions, as she was pleased to call them, and after administering it to her patient, hustled him off to bed.

Bob spent a restless night, and slept but little. It was not, however, because of any physical indisposition, but an account of the disturbed state of his mind and the anguish of soul from which he was suffering.

MISSED GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITY

"Where are all my good intentions?" he asked himself. He had missed a glorious opportunity of dealing with a man about the state of his soul, a man, who, without doubt, had been powerfully striven with by the Spirit of God.

Mr. Brown's words cut like a knife, and Bob groined in spirit as he remembered them. "If anyone had spoken to me I believe they could have easily persuaded me to surrender."

Why hadn't he declared himself when he first came to stay with the Browns. It would have been easy then to speak a word in season.

He continued to toss and turn throughout the night, and rose in the morning more weary than when he retired.

(To be continued)

HIS BIRTHDAY

Jesus' birthday! Do you know it?
Do you feel it in your heart?
Will he be a quiet wonder
In your joys to have a part?
Jesus' birthday! Let us heed it,
Nor let it pass us by!
Let us pay the holy homage
He expects of us this day.

TO ALL SALVATION ARMY FRIENDS

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE in any one issue of our paper to touch all of even the main activities of the Salvation Army. Our Easter and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God is doing in the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. "The War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription.

(\$1.50 per annum sent of Fort William; \$2.00 per annum sent of Fort William) sent direct to the Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

ANY FRIENDS desirous of studying the doctrines, principles, and methods of the Salvation Army can obtain books by its Founders, by the present General and Mrs. Booth, or by leading officers, from the Trade Representatives at Toronto (20 Albert Street), or Winnipeg (203 Confederation Life Building), who will be glad to send lists upon application.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Origin Traced to Remote Times

The history of the Christmas tree is difficult to trace. It has been associated with Yggdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, and Christmas trees and May poles are known to be relics of that time. The roots and branches of Yggdrasil, the world tree, or as it is sometimes called, the Tree of Time, bound together Heaven, the earth, and hell. From it all tribes of nature received nourishment.

According to a Scandinavian legend of great antiquity the Christmas tree was the origin to the service tree which sprang from the blood of two lovers who had been cruelly murdered. During the Christmas season flaming lights that no wind could extinguish sprang mysteriously from its branches at night, and the practice of illuminating the Christmas tree may, perhaps, be traced to this tradition, which no doubt was strongly influenced by the fact that lights were (and still are) a feature of the Jewish feast of the Chanukah or Light (Consecration). Among the Greeks Christmas is called the Feast of Lights.

From the earliest times Scandinavia was inhabited by two distinct peoples—the Jutes (or Swedes) to the north, and the Goths (or Goths), to the south. They spoke similar languages and were of the same stock. In the fourth century the territory occupied by the Goths extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, but this vast area was broken up by the Huns, whose hordes then overran Europe.

The dispersion of the Goths may be attributed the spread of Scandinavian customs over the continent and the fact that the Christmas tree is sometimes said to have originated with the Germans. Sir George Birdwood has traced the history of the Christmas tree to the ancient Egyptian practice of decking houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of the date palm, the symbol of life triumphant over death, and thence of perennial life in the renewal of each bounteous year. —The Literary Digest.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR LONELY FOLKS

Lord God of the solitary, look upon me in my loneliness. Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home, send it like my heart. Let not my exile cloud me in, but shine through them with forgiveness in the face of the Child Jesus. Put me in loving remembrance of the lowly lodging in the stable of Bethlehem, the corner of the Blessed Mary, the poverty and exile of the Prince of Peace. For His sake, give me a cheerful courage to endure my lot, and an inward joy to sweeten it.

Purge my heart from hard and bitter thoughts. Let no shadow of longing come between me and friends far away. Bless them in their Christmas: joy and peace be in with us, that we may not grow unworthy to meet them again. Give me good will to do, that I may forget myself, and find peace in doing it. Then, though I am poor, send me to carry some gift to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier, since they have not known the friendship of Jesus. Grant me the strength to do a kindness to one of His little ones, and light Thy Christmas candles at the pleasure of an uncontent and grateful heart.

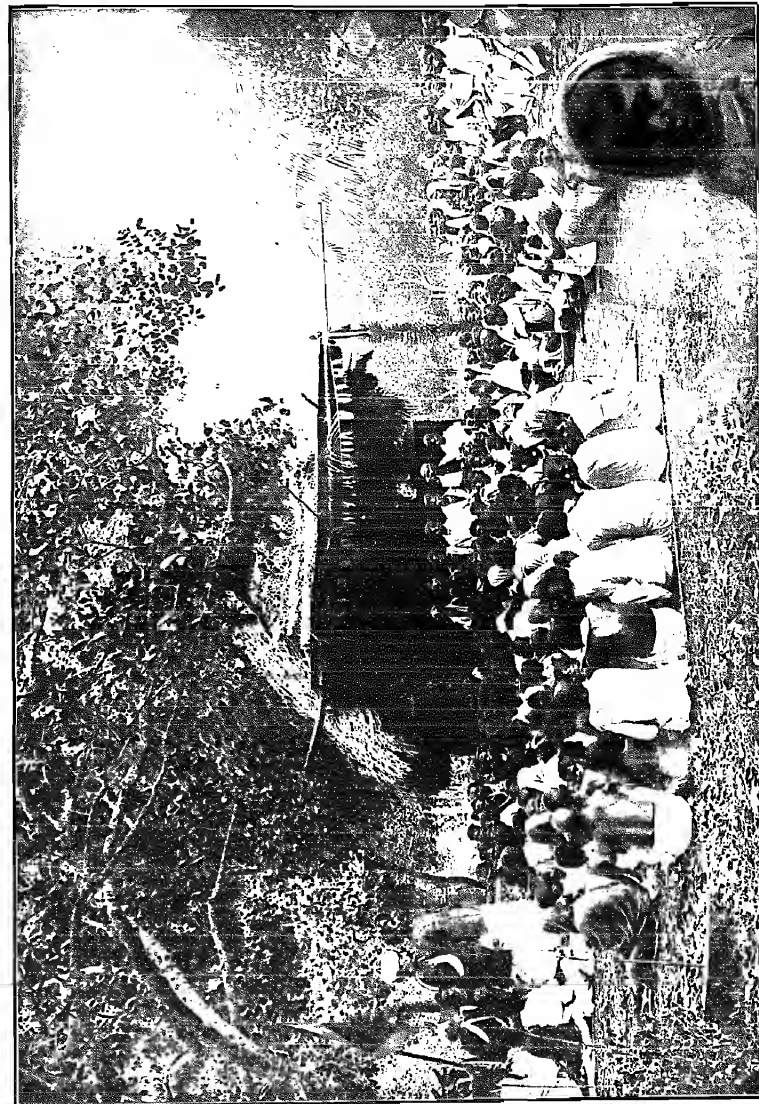
—HENRY VAN WYKE.

INQUIRIES concerning anything connected with the Army will gladly be answered if addressed to the Commissioner at Territorial Headquarters, Toronto or Winnipeg, and statements of account and balance sheets, which, duly audited by firms of account, published annually, will be forwarded upon application.

FRIENDS who desire that the work of the Salvation Army shall benefit under their will be given any information desired, direct or through their local officers.

Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Jesus shall bring where'er the sun
Doth his golden beams warm on
The rugged crag high above the
Till each child and old man



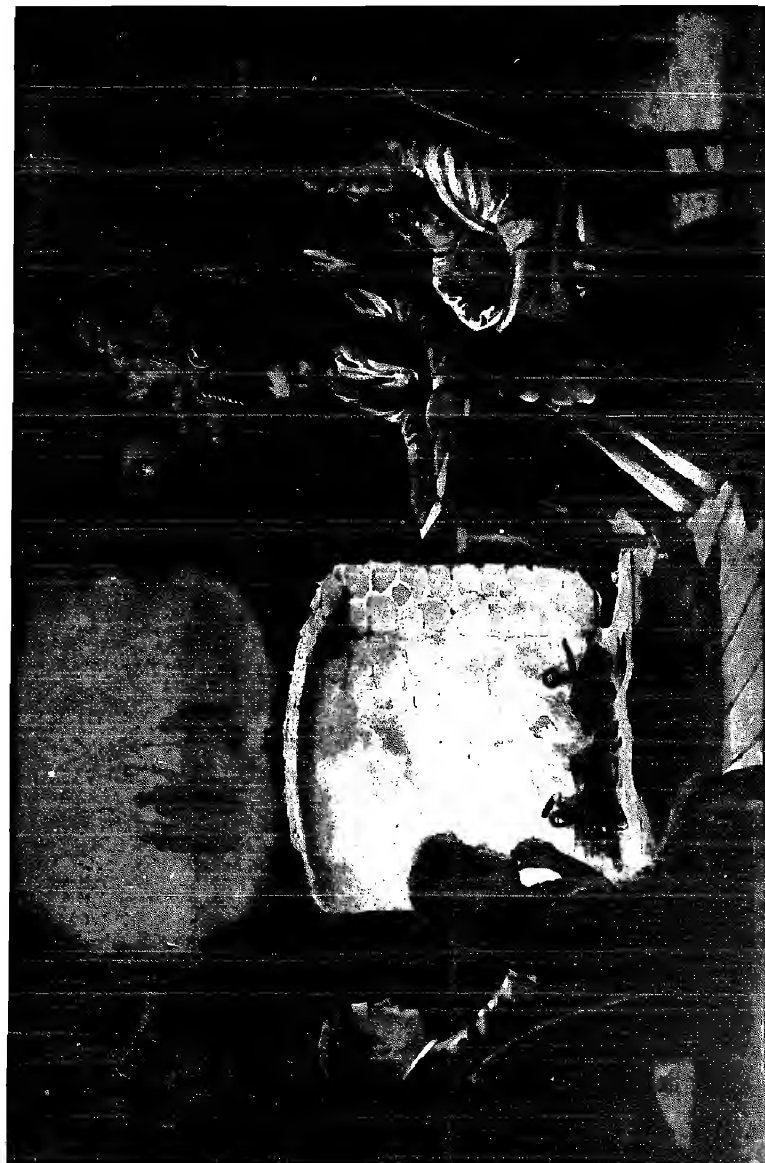
Light rays. Our picture is reproduced from a unique photo of such an occasion. The headmen of the village, it will be seen, occupy seats of honour under the tree, while standing in the aisle of the spreading tree, and with the Blessed and Fire King, the Army Officers again the way of Salvation.

During the past 1000 years, Christians have passed through centuries. While with us they have stirred our hearts by telling of sorrows and joys, and while villages, desirous of turning from 'old worship' to the service of the true God, have invited the Salvation Army to come and instruct them in the

Heathens Seek the True God

Come unto Me all ye that labour and
are heavy laden and I will give you rest

Abide with me! Fast fall the evenings,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!



from forest to prairie, there may be found families of the same sturdy, intelligent type as is so well depicted here. And on Christmas Eve, we venture to say, there will be few who will not, around fireplace or stove, join in spirit with the shepherds of old in following the Star to the Bethlehem stable.

This study by a Canadian artist of a typically Canadian scene, because it is so true to type, puts into picture form the reason for the well-founded hopes which those who know Canada hold for the future of this great Dominion. In West as well as East, though the build of their homesteads differ with the change

Christmas Eve
on an Eastern
Homestead

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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BRAMWELL BOOTH, General.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1919

William Eadie, Commissioner.



A PRESENT DAY WIDOW'S MITE—See Page 3